PRIZE FIGHT AND A FREE FIGHT.

An Early Morning Mill in Michigan Which

Ended in a Fistic Melec.

AN AFTERNOON IN SOCIETY.

GOOD WEATHER FOR THE RECEPTIONS, TEAS AND OTHER EVENTS TO-DAY.

Mrs. Frederic Goodridge to Give a Reception This Afternoon-Last Week's Ama-teur Theatrical Entertainment to be Repented To-Day-Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll to Sail for Europe To-Morrow.



LEAR, cold weather will make a pleasant change for those who are going to attend the many teas or amateur

theatricals to - day. Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, of 250 Fifth avenue, will give a reception this afternoon. Miss Lina Crawford, Miss Lusk, Miss Marie Reed, Miss Marie Manice, Miss Costar, Miss Kitty Babcock, Miss Miss Satterthwaite, Van Wart, Miss Char-

lotte Zerega, Miss Julia Cotton Smith, Miss Agnes Lawrence, Miss Margaret Lawrence, Miss Hoadly, Miss Wells, Miss Louise Floyd Jones, Miss Oddie, Miss Carrie Webb, Miss Camilla Moss and Miss Smedling will assist in receiving. Among those expected are the following-named persons:

ing-named persons:
Mrs. J. D. Reed, Capt. and Mrs. Kane, Gen. and
Mrs. Webb, Mr. and Mrs. George Betts, Mr. and Mrs.
Charles Berryman, Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, Mr. D.
Sidney, Mrs. Woodworth, Mrs. John Crosby Brown.
Mrs. Henry, Miss Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Schiermerhorn, Miss Schermerhorn, Mr. and Mrs. Schierfelin,
Miss Roosevelt, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Chandler,
Miss Chandler, Mrs. Pellew, Mr. and Mrs. Van
Rensselaer and Mr. and Mrs. Rinelander.

Miss Chandler, Mrs. Fellew Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer and Mr. and Mrs. Rainelander.

The first of the three subscription dances gotten up by Mr. E. L. Hedden, of 38 West Forty-ninth street, will occur this evening.

Judge and Mrs. Daly, of 84 Clinton place, will give a large ladies' luncheon to-day.

Mrs. Woodsworth, of 18 East Thirty-seventh street, will give a reception to-day.

The very successful dramatic entertainment given by amateurs on Thursday of last week for the benefit of the West-Side Day Nursery will be repeated this afternoon at the Lyceum Theatre. Tickets may be had from Mrs. W. Amory, 102 East Thirty-ninth street; Pond's music store or at the Women's Exchange. The only change in the cast to-day will be that Mr. T. Francis Conrad will take the part of Guzman in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady" in place of Edgar Sands De Wolfe.

Mrs. William Amory, jr., of 102 East Thirty-ninth street, will give a dinner this evening to "the cast" of the amateur dramatic entertainment.

mg to the cast of the almost the sentertainment.

Mrs. James Toler, of 7 West Twenty-first street, will entertain the Friday Evening Dancing Class to-night.

The Nineteenth Century Club will hold its

The Nineteenth Century Club will hold its next meeting in the assembly rooms of the Metropolitan Opera-House.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll, née Bancroft, will sail for Europe to-morrow.

Mrs. Philip J. Sands, of 15 East Thirty-third street, entertained the Thurday Evening Dancing Class last evening.

Mrs. Warren, of 250 Lexington avenue, will give a reception to morrow.

give a reception to-morrow.

Mrs. Newton Perkins and Miss Perkins, of 65 East Fifty-second street, will give a tea on Tuesday, Dec. 20.

Mrs. J. D. Wing, of 16 West Forty-ninth street, will give a reception to morrow after-noon in honor of Miss Hurlburt, the fisnces

of her son.

Mrs. William A. Hammond, of 43 West
Fifty-fourth street, will give a reception tomorrow. Mrs. Paul E. Rasor and the Misses Jen-kins, of the Rutland, 250 West Fifty-seventh street, will give a tea to-morrow afternoon.

Moveable Train Skirts Fashionable Again.

[Parts Letter to London Telegraph.]
A new style of pelisse has appeared. It cannot worn on foot, as the back-pieces are prolonged into a short train. The fronts, cut redingote-shape, the interval is filled with a panel of some other material, plain in the case of velvet or satin brocade, plaited if in patile or other silk. For the rest, cloth or woollen of a rougher description is times chosen. Velvet brocaded ottoman or velvet is more bandsome, but almost too heavy for the purpose. This new application of the train is a sure sign—if any were needed—that train-skirts are to be worn very generally once more; and not only trains proper, but skirts cut so as to sweep the floor a few inches—an innovation with more noveity in it. Of course this is not extended to walking costumes, while evening party and ball dresses do not more than touch the ground. The habit of having moveable trains is growing. They are fastened separately to the walst at the back over draped skirts so made as to be worn alone when required. This train, detached from the rest of the skirt, sweeps out behind in long plaits or folds, and measures from two to two and a half yards in length. It is lined@throughout with slik or sarsenet, and a layer of stiff musin is laid between the two materials. A train so added must not be wholly dissimilar from the rest of the dress; the bodice ought to be entirely or in part of the same material. but skirts cut so as to sweep ches—an innovation with more

It Depended on His Luck.

[From Harper's Bazar.]
A young wag uptown started out with his gun incased in canvas to take a train for Sullivan County the other day, and met a lady of great heart

and age.

"Do you mean to tell me," she asked, "that you are deliberately going to shoot little birds and timid, inoffensive animals?"

"No, ms'am," he replied, "I will not go so far as to say that. If I have my usual luck I shall shoot nothing but my gun."

The False and the True.

Ten-Year-Old's Responsibility With a Father Both Blind and Drank.

IN THE CHILL BLAST AT MIDNIGHT.



ated man, whom he addressed as " father," from falling. The boy was not more than ten years old, and he was trying to coax his father to go

and he was trying to coax his rather to go home. The old man growled in a maudlin way about the cold, and insisted that he must have another drink.

Policeman 999 approached the couple at the request of the reporter with the intention of frightening the man into going with the boy. But he had got no further than the exclamation, "Come now, boss!" made in gruff tones, when he ejaculated, half in soliloquy, "Great Scot! The man is as blind as a bat!"

Sure enough, he was stone blind! He was a vender of lead-pencils, and his little son led him to the offices of his cus-

ittle son led him to the offices of his customers.

"He lost his eyes in a rolling-mill accident," said the half-frozen lad. "And he gets this way every time we have a good day. Folks felt sorry for him to-day because it was cold, and he sold out his pencils twice. Madrinks, too, and I gets fits when they are both off," added the boy.

Just then a fit of anger seized the blind in abriate and he made a victors lungs with his

Just then a fit of anger seized the blind in-ebriate, and he made a vicious lungs with his hand in the direction of the small, squeaky voice. The boy, always on the alert, dex-teriously dodged the blow without losing his teriously dedged the blow without losing his sustaining grip on the father's coat-sleeve. They lived over in Jackson street, and the policeman put the man forcibly on a green car. The man lopped over in a corner and fell asleep, and thus they set out for home.

DOINGS IN THE THEATRES.

Herbert Aveling, who was last seen at the Star Theatre, where he supported Robert Downing in "travedy business," has been eugaged to play the part of Helly in one of the "She" companies which is to make the tour of the country.

"A Sad Coquette," which was produced at a matinée at the Union Square Theatre yesterday for the benefit of Miss Sara Jeweit, proved to be an adaptation of Rhoda Broughton's charming novel "Good-by, Sweetheart," a pretty story of love wilfully put aside. Mrs. Estelle Clayton, the adapter, appeared as Lenore, the heroine, and Eben Plympton as the lover, Paul Mortimer. The play was very creditably given.

Inne Kirafr is bard at work upon his coming

play was very creditably given.

Intre Kiraify is bard at work upon his coming production of "Maxulm, the Night Owi," which will be done in Philadelphia on Christmas night and will follow Booth and Barrett's engagement at the Academy of Music. Kiraify says he has extended an invitation to M. Ravel, the only living member of the famous family, to be present on the opening night of "Maxulm." As M. Ravel lives in France, however, it is thought that Mr. Kiraify will not consider himself slighted if the old gentleman falls to appear.

John E. Donnelly's regular Sanday night con-

man falls to appear.

John F. Donnelly's popular Sunday night concerts ought soon to become an institution. Mr. Donnelly knows what the public like to hear it any one does. Next Sunday, at Steinway Hall, Jules Levy, the cornetist, will play, assisted by the Clipper Quartet, Miss Loulse Seerle, Edward O'Matony, Miss Josie Hall, Luigi Deli 'o'Ro, Miss Oille Torbett, Alfred Liston, Miss Julia Earnest, John S. Cox, Joseph Conyers and W. W. Furst. These artists will appear at the Third Avenue Tacatre on the same night.

Henry A. Dixey still continues to do an enor-

John S. Cox, Joseph Conyers and W. W. Furst. These artists will appear at the Third Avenue Treatre on the same night.

Henry A. Dixey still continues to do an enormous business in San Francisco with "Adonia," It is said that he will not open at the Bijou Opera-House, in this city, next season, as had been announced. He plars in Boston next October, and there is a strong possibility of his remaining on the road all next season in "Adonia," D.xey can always introduce so much new "business" into this buriesque that it need never become monotonous, and, as it is one of those elastic constructions that can contain everything, there is really no reason why Dixey and "Adonis" should not be billed about the country for a decade or two.

The Rubinstein Club of female voices achieved a notable success at its first private concert, given last evening at Chickering Hall. The club, which was only recently formed under the leadership of Mr. William R. Chapman, the conductor of the "Musurgia," was organized for the purpose of producing artistically the many beautiful part songs and choruses which have been written for female voices, but have never been heard in this city. The concert proved that his idea is perfectly feasible, and Mr. Chapman deserves the credit of introducing the music-loving public of New York to an entirely new phase of art. With the assistance of an orchestra from the Philharmonic Society the finest tona effects were produced, notably in the Rubinstein and Sucher compositions, and songs by Macy, Sturm, Osgood and Kienzi were rendered with exquisite taste and delicacy.

A gentleman who went to Boston last Sunday on the same train with Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett was astonished to see the extremely Democratic manner in which the tragedians travel in days when stare must have special drawing-room and dining cars, crowds to see them off, and all the rest of it. Mr. Booth went alone to the Grand Central dentes of the manner in which the crowdandoniett.

days when stars must have special drawing-room and dining cars, crowds to see them off, and all the rest of it. Mr. Booth went alone to the Grand Central depot, sat on a bench with the crowd and quietly awaited Mr. Barrett's advent. When that gentleman arrived, the tragedians bought seats in a drawing-room car and speedily took possession. They escaped recognition so thoroughly that at 5 o'clock, when the passengers moved to the dining-room car, they declined to make room for Mesars. Booth and Barrett, who, unable to push their way in, were forced to wait for refreshment until the train reached Boston. Mr. Barrett acts in the capacity chaperon to Mr. Booth.

Buying Jewels on the Instalment Plan. [From the Jewelers' Weekly.]
I saw you looking curiously at the handsome

gold watch which that young man just consulted with a pardonable flourish. Looks a little out of keeping with his general appearance, doesn't it ? Let me explain the apparent mystery. Whenever you see an expensive article of jew-

elry upon the person of an otherwise ordinarily attired man, you can safely set him down as the patron of an instalment jewelry house. Ever tried the scheme? No; well suppose you're a man in only moderate circumstances and desire to wear

an expensive watch. Of course you can't pay, say, \$150 down at once for it; but if you have \$25, and know how, you can get the coveted timekeeper, nevertheless. How? Why, you take your \$95 to the jew-eller who makes a specialty of the instalment business, and put it in his hands as your nrst payment, and take your watch with you. Then you pay off the balance at the rate of 20 per cent. a month until the entire amount of your indebtedness has been liquidated. If you are a responsible man no reference or security will be asked from you to insure the payments; but a stranger must, of course, bring the jeweller some tangible evidence that he is no swindler. As the jeweller recompenses himself for his trouble, risk and use of his money by charzing a liberal advance on the regular price, the instalment business pays very well, and many dealers sell goods in this manner.

(Prom Harper's Basar.)
The girls of a family have it in their power at al times to do a great deal of work in behalf of the quaintagees, who are out in the rough and tumble, and among all the temptations of the open world; but the winter weather affords them ampler opportunity than all the out-door days of boating and shooting and lawn-tennis and plenicking do, for it brings about a closer and more constant contact, a much more effective ground for their exercise. Young girls, then, who understand this will soon find that they have all they want to do, if they will undertake to make their homes so thoroughly delightful that not only other youths will come to see them there, but their own brothers will contentedly and proudly prefer to stay therein. With the parior or altiing-room made tasteful and cheery, as girls can make a room, even when forced to depend upon themselves for means, with pleasent people coming in—coming in because the place is bright and attractive and the people no less so—with perfect good nature preserved among them no matter what hances to meat the temper. and among all the temptations of the open world; place is bright and attractive and the people no less so—with perfect good nature preserved among them, no matter what happens to upset the temper, and therefore the absolute prohibition of wranzing or of excited argument, with as much music as may be had, with a little amusing reading, happy, merry talk, games of one sort and another, efforts being made to have the newest and those most likely to attract the brothers, according to their diosynorasies—with all this, sind more that will sugg at itself to those girls who are in earnest about it, the house may be made by them a place in which the brothers shall look forward to spending the evening with nearly as much gratification as that with which lovers look sor the hour that shall find them together; and all the more if the girl who has a lover does not count out her brother as a supernumerary.

How Paris Anarchists Dine.

[Puris Desputch to London Telegram.]
Five Anarchists have just been condemned to three months' imprisonment each and fines for having dined too freely at the expense of an "infamous bourgeois," and for having insuited the police. The five were wandering about Paris, as they alleged, hungry and penniless, and they therefore considered that they had a right to get dinners without paving for them. They accordingly went into a restaurant, ordered a dinner a is a carte and a quart of wine each; bad their glass of coffee and their chasse c.fs in the shape of a thimble-ful or two of brandy, and when the note, or addition, was presented by the landlord, they cooliy told him to go and get payment from the "rascally bourgeois people" who were well off and well fed. This logic being distasteful to the landlord, he, finding all his attempts to get payment futile, sent for the police. The Anarchists, rejoicing in full stomachs, went cheerfully to the lock-up, but they insuited the police grossity for having carried out "bourgeois behests." The mother of one of the rascals appeared in court and paid the restaurant-keeper for the five dinners. Her son, however, shouted out that she was silly, that he and his friends had gone in for free dinners on principle, and that they were ready to undergo punishment for their acts. They were then marched off to prison, declaring that they would repeat their conduct when they had the chance. they alleged, hungry and penniless, and they

Predicting an Explosion Which Will Make the Mississippi Valley an Inland Sea.

[From the St. James's Gazette.] An American paper, the Fireman's Herald, pre-dicts a terrible disaster in the oil regions of the United States, if the tapping of gas-wells is allowed to go on at its present rate without check of supervision of any sort. A fearful explosion of natural gas took blace in China some two hundred years ago, it appears, tearing up and destroying a district and leaving a large inland sea—that now known on the maps as Lake Fo-Chang. Should such an accident occur in the United States, there will be such an upheaval, the Herald Believes, as will dwarf the meet terrible earthquake ever known. The country along the gas-belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana and Kentacky will be "rinped up to the depth of from 1,200 feet to 1,400 feet, leaving a chasm through which the waters of Lake Erne will come howling down, filling the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys and blotting them out forever." natural gas took place in Chipa some two hundred

Longed for a Mother.

[From Judge.] Advanced Spinster (coquettishly) - And you really want to marry me? But I cannot consent until you tell me what you see in me to make you want me.
Youthful Sultor—Well, ever since mother died I've felt like an orphan, and I thought you could gill her place.

[From Judge,]
Italio de Counte—So you wilt not be my wife, ch? Do you forget zat I am an Italian Count? Young American-Oh, no: I do not forget you are an Italian Count, but I do know that I was never brought up to make a dozen shirts for thirty cents and do the washing for a targe family.

[From Harper's Basar.]
Washington Sunday-School Teacher (to little colored girl)-Now, Angeline, can you tell me what it means to return good for evil?

Angeline Brooks—Well, miss, I doan' 'xactly know de words, but I tink it mean ef any one sasses yer, doan' yer jaw back.

A Little Girl at the Perfume Counter. A Little Girl at the Perfame Counter.

Little girl at Riker's perfume counter—Mamma says I can buy some sachet powder. What have you got? Clerk-Well, little one, suppose you choose yourself. Little Girl—I don't know which. Oh, doesn't this White Rose amel nice? Why, this Violet's sweeter still. What do you call that? Francipanui? Oh, that's declicious. Do you say Jockey Club and Heilotrope argust as fragrant. Well, let me have all of them. Here comes mamma; she will pay you.—Commercial Advertiser.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 16. - Pete Nolan, of Cincinnati, and Jim Fell, of this city, met in the squared circle this morning, a short distance from this place. About five hundred spectators were present at the battle, including many prominent citizens of Grand Rapids, and visitors from Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati, Fort Wayne and other

18th St., 19th St., and 6th Ave.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

SMOKING AND HOUSE COATS

alled. The fight, which proved to be a brief one, was simply a punching and wrestling match, especially so in the case of Fell. Science was an unknown quantity throughout the entire fight. Fell is noted as a rusher and hits as often and as hard as he can, regardless of his own punishment.

At the call of time the men glanced at each other, and the rapid shooting about of arms proved determination on either side. It was a fairly good round of give-and-take fighting, though twenty hard blows were struck. What looked like genuine fighting began in the second round. It was from the start hammer and tongs, Fell again pursuing his favorite rushing tactics. A good smash on Nolan's jaw and a rescunding punch under his ear caused the Cincinnati puglist to become rather groggy. The round was fought to a close, with Nolan resting against the ropes.

The latter was a very weary man when the Rich Neckwear, Underwear. Pajamas, Silk Nightshirts, Dress Shirts, Suspenders, Silk Mufflers, to a close, with Rolan resting against the ropes.

The latter was a very weary man when the third round opened, and, of course, Fell again started in with his usual rush. Sharp blows were exchanged for a moment, when Fell twisted his arm around Nolan's neck, and, with a cross butt, both men went to grass, Nolan falling underneath. The tired Ohioian was helped to his feet, and in a dayad condition was carried to his corner. Handkerchiefs, Gloves Half Hose,

Waterproof Coats, Men's and Boys' Blanket-Bath and House Robes. Jersey Coats. Cardigan Jackets.

highly excited, but, seeing that Milet was being pounded by the slugger without cause, they interfered and carried Fell away. The scene below caused much excitement to those who occupied seats in the small gallery, and, as if to have a hand in the lively proceedings, they began to throw their chairs down upon the audience.

This again resulted in any number of small

fights and at one time as many as four fist fights were going on in the room, each pair of contestants within a ring formed by the spectators. This row continued for an hour or more, but finally order was restored and

or more, but finally order was restored and the crowd dispersed.

Fell is greatly dissatisfied with the out-come of the encounter, as he could undoubt-edly have whipped Nolan easily and will probably challenge him to a finish fight for a good-sized stake.

dazed condition was carried to his corner.

Jack Milet, his backer, at once claimed a
foul, and the referee allowed it without hesitation. Fell became infuriated at the deci-

sion, and, jumping out of his chair, fell upon Milet and fought him over the entire

ing.
During this time the audience became

Some Peculiarities of the Diamond Trade. [From the Jencelers' Weahly.] In ancient times the diamond miner sold his

and to a trader, and he in turn to the Amsterdam and to a trader, and he in turn to the Amsterdam cutter. As only royal personages were allowed to woor diamonds in those good old days, the cutter, when his work was fluished, found himself in rather a quandary as to how to dispose of them. Owing to his occupation and station in life he was usually a person who could not approach the King. Hence the system of bribing a servant or courier to show the gems to the monarch gradually sprung up, and as the privileged circle in which the wearing of diamonds was permitted grew larger, the confiers and servants changed into brokers, pure and simple, who did nothing but travel for the cutter.

and simple, who did nothing but travel for the cutter.

As these middlemen became rich they bought these gems outright from the artisan instead of selling for his account, and thus became dealers. Those whose pecuniary resources were more limited were, of course, obliged to remain brokers, but from their knowledge of gems and tried trustworthness they were classed Al.

At this stage was introduced the memorandum bill, to discriminate between these brokers of established reputation and those of what I will call the second class, which included men of fashion in want, who had extensive social acquaintance, but were of no financial responsibility. Among merchants and dealers, therefore, it soon became the regular practice to give the better class of brokers a bill upon which was the word "memorandum," the significance of which was twofold. In the first place, the merchant thus limited his risk and could reclaim the goods at any time before the broker sold them; in the second, the probable purchasar might have an opportunity of exampling the sense. rectain the goods at any time before the broker sold them; in the second, the probable purchasar might have an opportunity of examining the gems and returning them if unsatis actory.

The second class of brokers ordinarily received no bill, but would usually state for what object the goods were wanted, and would report as soon as the goods were disposed of. With slight variatious these customs are in vogue at the present day and will probably last as long as the trade itself.

ORANGE, N. J., Dec. 16,—The long-expected mammoth amateur minstrel and dramatic entertainment under the auspices of the Essex County tanment under the auspices of the Essex County Toboggan Club and the Staten Island and Manhattan Athletic clubs drew an audience that completely filled Music Hall, Orange, last night. The first part of the entertainment was a regular old-fashioned minstrel performance, which was heartly applauded. Then followedsome sleight-of-hand tricks by E. H. Ransom, after which came the Charleston Blues drill and chorus, which was well executed by the Staten Island Athletic Club. The entertainment closed with a tableau representing the World of Sports, by all the clubs artistically arranged, showing baseball, football, lawn tically arranged, showing baseball, football, lawn tennis, cricket, billiards, bowling driving and rowing.

B. Altman & Co.,

(18th St. Station Elevated Road.)

Detroit, Cincinnati, Fort Wayne and other points.

The articles of agreement called for an eight-round fight with three-ounce gloves, but on account of the vicious tactics adopted by Fell, the battle came to an inglorious termination after three rounds had been fought. The stakes had been placed on the outcome of the match, the conditions being that the receipts were to be divided, 70 and 30 per cent. to the winner and loser respectively. Bad blood, however, had been known to exist between the two Western pugilists for some time, so many persons journeyed over the country roads to reach the scene of the struggling affair.

No time was lost in preliminaries and Harry Hammell, of Fort Wayne, was chosen referee. It was 1.10 this morning when time was called. The fight, which proved to be a brief one, was simply a punching and SEASONABLE GIFTS

in Cashmere, Flannel, Velveteen, Japanese Silk, imported English Plaids, &c.

Umbrellas, Canes,

at very moderate prices.

SOME OLD VIOLINS.

Nicolas Amati in a Collection of Fiddle on the East Side.

While wandering along on the east side. the attention of a World reporter was attracted by the sound of a violin. The quality of the tone was remarkable. It was large, rich, palpitating with feeling and of honeyed

music came, scaled the stairs and following the sound, went into a room on the second floor. It was bare of carpet or rug. Three or four dozen violins were systematically hung on the wall, showing as many shades of brown as a collection of well-colored meerschaums. Other shells unvarnished lay upon the mantel. Half a dozen bottles filled with a brown liquid stood on a shelf. A musicstand had a volume of musical compositions

stand had a volume of musical compositions lying open upon it.

In the centre of the room was a German, thirty years of age, playing on a violin. His back was turned to the door. The glorious volume of sound filled the poor, gaunt room with sweet tones. Not that the player was a Sarasate or a Joachim. He could not equal Teresine Tua or Camilla Urso in his execution. But the instrument was the source of the magic sounds.

Inquiry developed the fact that the young man was one George Szag, a Leipzig violin maker, who came to New York a fortnight ago. He deals in old Cremonas and Mantuas. The instrument he had in his hand was, he said, a Nicolas Amati of 1623.

Nicolas Amati was the eldest of the three

Nicolas Amati was the eldest of the three

Amati brothers, who rivalled the great Stradivarius as a maker of peerless violins. The instruments of Nicolas are prized more than those of his brothers, Andreas and Hieronymo The young man took up several others and

played upon them. One was a Jacob Stainer of 1678, the others were Guarneriuses. He had no Stradivarius in his collection. "They cost too much," he said simply.

The violin-player intends to give lessons in
New York and to sell his old instruments
when he can.

CHOOSE WISELY.

"THE LADY" or "THE TIGER ?"

CHOOSE WISELY.

2 | Smooth, | 2 | Cut Guns, | Serath Teeth, | Conse Decay, | Serath Teeth, | S

BOYS' KNICKERBOCKER SUITS. BOYS' OVERCOATS.

We have fairly blown to pieces the price of several hundred

They are the lots broken in assortment of sizes by the season's trade, but the offering contains every size from 5 to 18 years. Among them some of the finest garments we make; few that have not sold for double the reduced price.

Your choice of SUITS OR OVER-COATS.

\$5.

including some very fine overcoats for children of 2 1-2, 3, 4 and 5 years.

Some equally strong reductions have been made in a number of lots of

BOYS' SUITS WITH LONG TROUSERS,

now \$8, \$9, \$10 and \$12.

These bargains are at both

ROGERS, PEET & CO.,

CLOTHES, HATS AND SHOES,

Broadway and Prince St.

Broadway and 32d St.

Broker Miller Sent to Believue. Charles J. Miller, aged forty years, a cotton roker, was taken to Bellevue Hospital last night

from the Jefferson Market prison, suffering from alcoholism. He gave as his reference H. J. Howell, of 34 New street. AMUSEMENTS. AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.
HOFMANN CONCERTA,
Onder the personal direction of Mr. HENRY E. AMBRY,
of Abbey, Schoeffle & Gran,
THURLDAY E. VENING Dec. 27, at 5 lo velock.
TUESDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 27, at 5 lo velock.
BATURAY EVENING. Dec. 31, at 5.15 o'clock.
BATURAY EVENING. Dec. 31, at 5.15 o'clock.
BATURAY EVENING. Dec. 31, at 5.15 o'clock.
JOSEPH HOFMANN,
MME. HEI KNE, HASTERITER,
Prims Donna Contraito;
Theodore Biorission, Tenor; Sig. De Anna, Bartone;
Miss Nettic Carpenter, Mmc. Bacoom, Harpist, Sig.
R. Sappio, Accompanie, and Jadolph Neuendorffe
Orand Orchestra. Sale of Seats begins Monday Dec. 18,
at Box office. Weber Grand Fiano used.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE J. M. HILL, Manage

HOBSON AND CRANE nagement of J. M. Hill and Joseph Brooks under the management of J. M. Hill and Joseph Brooks in the great American Counsdy, THE HENRIKET A. by Bronson Howard. Evenings at 8.15. Saturday Matines at 2. Carriages, 10.45. Seats secured two weeks in advance.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THRATRE.

M. WEDWARD HARRIGAN

M. WINCONTROVERTIBLE SUCCESS OF MANAGEMENT AND ORIGINAL CHARACTER ACTING OF DAVE BRAHAM and his Popular Orchestes.

DAVE BRAHAM and his Popular Orchestes.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE, CORNER 31ST 5T., AND 3D AVE.

MATINEE EVERY MON., WED. AND SAT.

The Powerful Melodrama,
UNDER TRE. LANH.

Secure seats in advance,
Beware of speculators.
Dec. 19 - Hallen & Hart's First
Prize IDEALS.

COEN MUSEE, 230 ST., BET. 5TH 4 6TH AVES. New Groups. New Paintings. New Attractions. ERDELYINACZI and his HUNGARIAN ORCHENTRA. Concerts from 5 to 5 and 5 to 11. Admission to all, 50 cents; children 25 cents. AEEE-The Mystifying Chiese Automaton.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTREES th st. and Broadway. Nightly, 8.30; Set. Mat., 2.30 JONEY. HOF MANN. OUTBONE. FRANK HOWARD, greatest balled singer. Last week of "Black Faust" and Musical Siftings. MATINEE TO MORE 400.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. 14TH STREET. TONY PASTOR'S GREAT SHOW, AND AND AND HUGHS ALBERT CLIVES. A RMORY HALL VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.
158 and 160 Hester st.
First-Class Variety Company. Constant change of

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STAR THEATRE.

MISS JULIA MARIAWE,

Bupported by Mr. JOSEPH HAWORTH.

THIS (FRIDAY) EVENING. "TWELTH NIGHT."

Dec. 19, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence.

I Written by W. F. E.1

EADER, this is my story. Whether • you will like it or dislike it, I know not. I have written it to please the brown-skinned girl crouching at my side, and her love-lit, fiery eyes commend it; therefore am I content. to read it to read it of its publication will have been accomplished. "Aunie Moorsom" may, perhaps, chance to read it some day.

'Oh, Jack! I shall be so lonely and miser-"Oh, Jack! I shall be so lonely and miserable without you." And Annie Moorsom's bright blue eyes swam in the tears that threatened each instant to course down her peachy cheeks; and her red, red lips quivered as they rested half-open, giving you a glimpse of a faultless set of teeth.

"Nonsense, Annie; we shall love each "Wen, the laughter provoked by this

Nonsense, Annie; we shall love each other all the better for a year's separationonly a year—for in that time I'll dig miles wn in old earth, or the dusky gold shall fill bag for your sake!"

Have you ever heard anything about her, boys?"

"No, no!" was the unanimous response.
"Then, come, Jack!" continued Winter.
"Out with your yarn, and when you've done we'll get to roost; et, Bill—roost?"

Although apparently devoid of any wit or meaning other than that implied, all except Jack Braddon laughed heartily and exchanged significant looks and gestures.

"Hoys." began Jack, toying with his re-volver and speaking in quiet tones, though We all know what love-partings are, therefor it is useless to describe this one. He str. de swiftly away down the village lane, his face hard and stern as though there was not ine of passionate love seething in his

garden gate, and sobbed until her throat ached and her head whirled round.

Far away stretched, mile after mile, a vast rocky plateau, thickly intersected with precipitous gorges — vertical, terrible rents through the solid rock over a mile in depth. It requires a steady head to peer over these awful brinks, and see far, far down the gleaming, dancing river, whose banks are fairly green with high grasses and rank waterweed.

veed.

A large fire blazed and crackled in front of A large fire blazed and crackled in front of a low, mud-grimed tent erected about a hundred yards from the edge of the huge yawning ravine. Around the glowing logs four men were lolling or sitting in various easy attitudes. Three were roughly dressed, swarthy-faced, tobacco-chewing and reckless-looking desperadoes.

The fourth, also, was swarthy faced and roughly dressed enough, in all conscience; but about him clung that intangible something which so clearly indicates the gentleman, be he in what attire he may.

All were miners or gold-diggers, therefore all were armed with knife, revolver and rifle, and, as the swirling flames lit up their bearded faces and gleamed on shining butts and hilts, they looked like a party that a lonely traveller would rather have avoided than sought.

When the laughter provoked by this sally had subsided Sam Winter asked: "I never hear Jack tell us about his beauty. Have you ever heard anything about her, boxs."

his brows knitted in a dark frown, "you know what I am, and know that #I say I'll do anything, it's as good as done"—
"All right, Jack! Go on."
"Well," the revolver butt was gripped a little tighter, "I sak you, each and all, never to ask me about my love! It is too holy a thing to be lightly jested about."
"Too what? Ah, ha!" roared Bill Porter; and he was about to deliver himself of something amusing, when Jack silenced him by a fierce gesture, and resumed:
"You have learned her name—how, I know not; but if you are a gentleman, you will not pain me by mentioning it again in my presence, or badger me about a subject so delicate!"
"Well, but"—
"None of your buts!" Jack retorted with

"Well, but"—

"None of your buts!" Jack retorted with a savage oath. "The first man who mentions her name again will receive the contents of my revolver in his brain!"

What the three miners would have replied to this outburst is problematical, for at that instant Fawneye, the beauty of Colorado Ravine, stepped out of the darkness, and placed her hand on Jack's broad shoulder.

"Halloa, Fawneye!" cried Sam Winter.
"Come up to the fire and warm your pretty fingers."

The Indian girl was tall and graceful as the tasselled corn in the sheltered gorge when the breeze from the high plateau swayed it to and fro. Her long black hair undulated loosely on the plump bronze shoulders and swelling bosom, and tangled on the gleaming, dimpled arms that were girt with double bands of massive coppery gold. Her face seemed weird and strange in its wild loyeliness and her pouting lips were curled in scornfulness as the black eyes rested on Bill Porter and the two on either side of him. But when they fell on Jack—then her Indian name perfectly described their melting loyeliness. A score of ambitious braves had sought the fawn-eyed in marriage and failed. Jack, four months since, had unconsciously won her love by his courtesy towards her and his open-handed generosity in various ways to her father's warriors.

Passing his arm around the girl's supple

Passing his arm around the girl's supple form, Jack said: "Woll, little one, what keeps you out so late to-night? War Eagle doesn't know of his daughter's absence, sh?"



"DON'T SHOOT, FAWNEYE," SAID JACE. "He does not," she replied, the peculiar Indian accent adding a curious piquancy to her low, musical voice. "Fawneye found this picture; she wishes Jack to tell her what

"Hand it here, Fawneye!" exclaimed Bill
Porter, looking with admiration at her superb figure.

"It is for your eyes only, Jack," she replied, not deigning to pay attention to the
speaker; and Fawneye unrolled a piece of
smooth white bark and handed it to Jack,
with a warning conture. with a warning gesture.

On its smooth surface was scratched the following symbolic picture: A tent interior; to the right a man sleeping on the floor, over his head the word "Jack," his head pillowed

on bags of gold-dust; to the left, three other on bags of gold-dust; to the left, three other men were creeping towards him, each grasp-ing a bowie-knife. Through an opening in the door of the tent the moon, high in the heavens, signified midnight. For a moment Jack was puzzled; then, like a lightning-flash, burst Fawneye's meaning across his mind, and he started violently. The girl saw this, and said, in a careless manner: "My father says that it has no meaning."

I can see none in it either!" Jack replied, "I can see none in it either!" Jack replied, understanding her design.

Placing her lips to Jack's ear, Fawneye whispered: "Sleep with your eyes open tonight, Jack! You have too much gold—they want it. If you need help, call me. Fawneye's feet are swift as the deer's for those she loves, and her hand keen as the violet lightning for those she hates. She taught me how

ning for those she hates. She taught me how to use this firearm, and there are five lives in its steel chambers.

Jack pressed her hand to his lips and, turning to his companions, said; "Well, boys, I've helped Fawneye to solve the rid-dle; suppose we get to bed?"

"Agreed!" responded Bill Porter, eagerly.
"But first, we'll have something to warm our blood!"

blood."
And after taking a long drink at his whiskey flask, he passed it round to the others.
When Jack lay down he took great care that his revolvers should be ready to use at an instant's warning, and, contrary to his usual habit, did not wrap the rough blanket closely and tightly about his body. As the moon rose high and the midnight wind began to bellow and moon in the exercise of the raying

rose high and the midnight wind began to bellow and moan in the caverns of the ravine. Jack, as though asleep, threw his arm across his eyes, then cautiously opened them. His breath came thick and fast and he nerved himself for a quick, backward spring.

Only a few feet away, and creeping slowly towards him, were Sam Winters and Bill Porter, each holding his bowie in readiness to strike. At the door stood Jim Blados, holding a cocked rifle over his side and closely watching his companions.

Home—Annie Moorsom—death—Eawneye—a thousand things Jack thought of as he looked at the murderous-faced ruffians slowly crawling towards him.

Suddenly there was a sharp crack: Jim Blados receled and fell, face downward, to the floor. Jack was standing erect at the

other end of the tent, each hand levelling a cocked revolver, and the two miners were cowering before the deadly barrels, aghast and speechless.

"Now, then, Bill Porter and Jim Winter,

are you ready?—for, by heaven, you are dead men in two minutes! Say your prayers, for your bowies are no match for these! You"—Jack stopped in astonishment. Swift and noiseless as a cat had Fawneye entered the tent, and was now standing behind the terrified miners, a silver-mounted pistol in her right hand, and her bronze face twitching in

terrible anger.
"Don't shoot, Fawneye," cried Jack, in

"Don't shoot, Fawneye," cried Jack, in eager tones.

The two men simultaneously turned round. As they did so, Jack sprang forward and felled them to the floor with the butts of his weapons. They lay senseless.

"God bless you, Fawneye!" said Jack, as he drew her to his breast, and pressed a passionate kiss on the warm lips.

Disengaging herself from him, the panting girl whispered—her full cheeks glowing the while like the red blossom of the sumac—"Jack, do you love me—will you marry me?"

Jack's face fell as he replied: "Fawneye, you have been, and always will be, my dearest you have been, and always will be, my dearest friend; but"—

"Is Miss Moorsom at home—Miss Annie Moorsom?" demanded a brouzed and bearded man of the girl who had answered his hasty

rappings.
Miss Annie Moorsom!"

"Miss Annie Moorsom!"
"Yes, yes—is she at home?"
"No, sir: she has just gone out with her husband. Her name now is Mrs. Ward."
"Annie Moorsom Mrs. Ward?"
"Yes, sir: she was married last week."
"Yes, sir: she was married last week."
"Ah!" was all that told of the agony in Jack Braddon's heart—all that showed how suddenly a world bright with love and joy had grown cold and cheerless. The bronzed face turned away to hide its sunless, despairing eyes from the wondering child. Stepping slowly down the gravelled path, Jack lingered for a moment at the gate where he had in

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Wed. MRS. LANCTRY Est.

In "AS IN A LOOKING-GLASE."

Next Sunday-PROF. OROMWELL'S lecture.

"Sen Francisco and the Far West."

times gone by held Annie by the hand and kissed her a dozen times "good-night," As he was about to leave, he overheard a couple he was about to leave, he overheard a combusily engaged in conversation, coming wards him. The one was Annie—the oth her husband.

"She shall see me once more, then," a again that long-drawn "Ah!"

As Mrs. Ward reached the gate, she y astonished to see the swarthy, bear stranger filling the gateway with his bravelimbs. But, bowing courteously, ahe outred. "Whom do you wish to see size."

stranger filing the gateway with his brilimbs. But, bowing courteously, ahe quired: "Whom do you wish to see, sir "Annie Moorsom."

But she did not recognize the voice, so low and so hoarse; and Jack resume "Annie, I am Jack Braddon, You perhaps, remember me, One short perhaps, remember me, One short was based our part "Annie, I am Jack Braddon, You perhaps, remember me. One shor ago—this very day—beheld our part went far West to make you rich—to gold. I have found all that I need. I have come home—only to return rado Ravine"—and his last wontinged with bitter reproachfulness, by, and may your treachery never bon your children."

Beader it is usaless to spin out

on your children."

Reader, it is useless to spin out you much further. Fawneye is my god bless her! When I left my large, I thought that the world again be enjoyable to me. Prove the bronze-skinned darling—Colors has taught me otherwise. She my memory; and when I had mirred to old haunts, and thrown set fown on edge of the ravine hear first thing that met my the plateau was Fawneye. I have a first thing that met my the plateau was Fawneye. I have a first thing that met my the plateau was Fawneye. I have not been air; she heard the sc it; and feel prairie wind she ran me mas and following and a crying of moment I felt happi unit a morth we were married.

"A LOST DIAN

